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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1904..... 10,652 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in
The Evening World during the
first nine months 1903..... 8,285 1/2

Increase..... 2,367

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New York
EVER carried in regular editions in nine consecutive months
such a volume of display advertising as The Evening World
carried during the first nine months 1904.

IN THREE YEARS THE EVENING WORLD HAS
MOVED TO THE FIRST PLACE.

AN APOSTLE OF ATHLETICS.

It is not quite thirty years since a little book, bound in red and stamped in gold with the likeness of a man with a big bloep, appeared from the press of a New York publisher. The death of William Blaikie yesterday attracts attention, not because he was a prominent lawyer, but because as the author of this primer of athletic training, purporting to teach its readers "How to Get Strong and How to Stay So," he led in the movement which has popularized physical culture to a point where it has acquired national vogue while attaining the dignity of a college course of instruction. The fact that Blaikie dies at sixty-one, after showing how rational exercise should prolong man's life to a rugged old age, such as that of William Cullen Bryant, swinging down Broadway with long strides to his office to write his daily editorial "leader" when past eighty, or that of Ericsson, performing feats of strength at eighty-four, in no way invalidates the sound principles of athletic training which he laid down and which thousands of youth followed to their profit.

The quarter of a century since Blaikie began to advocate the doctrine of exercise has witnessed an athletic evolution which is one of the most remarkable phases of American development.

It has added half an inch to the schoolboy's chest measure and a full inch to the schoolgirl's stature. It has put golf sticks into the hands of men whose fathers at their age were chiefly concerned about slippers; a comfortable seat near the fire; transformed barns, college gymnasiums into palaces equipped with every appliance for strengthening the muscles; built large factories for the manufacture of sporting goods and made millions of their proprietors; paid the physical culture instructor a salary the Latin professor envies, and removed outdoor games from village greens and vacant lots into amphitheatres erected regardless of expense. Best of all, it has given the young people of the nation the greater bodily vigor and sounder physique which constitute a foundation for good health and clean morals, such as the youth of no other nation has ever had in so large measure.

It is not meant to say that all this is due to Blaikie. But as one who preached the gospel of muscle as a basis for mind at the opportune time when the whole country was in a mood to hear him, he is entitled to remembrance for his large part in the propaganda of physical culture.

A SUBWAY MISTAKE.

The Seventy-second street Subway approach, which The Evening World on June 1, long before its completion, criticised as "architecturally out of harmony with its surroundings and obtruding offensively on a fine street prospect," and afterward opposed as dangerously situated, has since come in for the denunciation of the West End Association. A petition sent by that body to the Mayor yesterday recites the "serious danger to life and limb" which the structure offers and calls for its rebuilding "in such way as to harmonize with the surroundings and be architecturally a credit, instead of an eyesore, to the city."

Good taste has characterized the underground stations of the Subway, and the departure from it in this instance has had no satisfactory explanation. It was entirely feasible, as the example of Budapest has shown, to make the building artistic. It is late in the day and will be expensive to correct the error. But perhaps the publicity attending its correction will be worth the cost as a warning precedent protecting the city from future blunders of misfit architecture in public works.

A SERIOUS TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

The police have dealt efficiently with conditions of traffic congestion at the Bridge, at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, at Columbus Circle, at the Twenty-third street plaza and elsewhere. But it is clear that with the terminal of the New Jersey tunnel placed at Thirty-fourth street and Sixth avenue, its natural and rational location, that traffic centre, already dangerous, will be congested beyond the power of the police to cope with adequately unless ample provision is made for underground or overhead crossings.

With this terminal there, in addition to the stations of the Pennsylvania tunnel, the moving sidewalk and the Subway link tunnel from Forty-second street to Union Square, the present crush will be multiplied many fold.

It will be necessary, as is suggested by a member of the Merchants' Association, to plan on a large scale at this point for passageways which will make crossing safe for pedestrians. And with the lesson of the afterthought for a bridge terminal in mind it might be well to plan early.

JURY LAW SHORTCOMINGS.

As the examination of talesmen in the Patterson trial drags its slow length along, the deficiency of the Jury law through which the incapacity of a single juror may delay and possibly defeat the ends of justice, while imposing an unwarranted expense on the county, is made more obvious. The fiasco of the first trial has shown the need of a more elastic law, either one providing for the presence of substitute jurors or validating the verdict of a number less than twelve. If the new trial effects the desired result of creating a legislative remedy it will not have been in vain.

Women, Amulets and Omens.

By Nicola Greeley-Smith.



Nicola Greeley-Smith.

THIRTEEN young women of Brooklyn, having organized a thirteen club to set superstition at naught, proceeded at their first meeting to defy the demons of ill luck by smashing mirrors, walking under ladders, drinking out of skulls and doing everything else they could think of that the superstitious regard with horror.

Brave as they are, these enterprising maidens are not the first to struggle against the bonds of inexplicable terror with which fate has surrounded the superstitious sex. Thirteen clubs among women have been, are and will continue to be innumerable, but without having the slightest effect on the deep-rooted belief in the supernatural common to the mass of womankind. And it is safe to hazard that even among the charmed members of the supposedly immune to superstition may be found women who, having performed the various feats of mirror-smashing, skull drinking, &c., are those who will consult clairvoyants to recover their lost jewelry or hover anxiously over a pack of dirty cards turned by a greasy fortune-teller to ascertain whether or not the beloved of their hearts love them in return.

Any one who has visited the various establishments of those who dabble in the occult for all the credulous who cross their itching palms with silver knows that women constitute the infinite majority of their victims. One sees, to be sure, a few men, generally of foreign, most often of German, appearance, but these have invariably come to consult the oracle in regard to business troubles; while the women, on the contrary, seek bloom of reassurance for their aching hearts.

The superstitions of women in regard to love affairs are due largely to the fact that clairvoyants are always clever enough to tell them what they want to believe. And who among our over-sentimental sex will not admit that it is always worth a dollar to hear that the "tall, dark man" we love is equally consumed with the fire of love for us, and that the stout blunder to whom he seems at present devoted will meet with scorn and humiliation in short order?

No thirteen club will ever succeed in eradication the superstitions that make women happier. It seems to have been the consensus of opinion from the beginning of time that the way to make a woman happy is to tax her credulity to the utmost, and men and fortune-tellers have profited equally by this belief and have no reason to complain one of the other.

It seems to be equally true of men and women that they are happy in direct proportion to their belief, of whatever nature. And it is a wise person that can discover the fine line where belief falters and superstition begins.

No one has a right to complain of the superstitious woman—not even the husband whose hard-earned dollars find their way to the coffers of the clairvoyants, the palmist and others of that ilk—for her superstition is merely a single manifestation of the very general credulity that most men find essential to their happiness and her charm.

LETTERS.

QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

No. 105 East Twenty-second Street.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where is the Children's Aid Society?
G. E. B., Greenville, N. J.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is there such a thing as an Edison star, or has there been one at any time?
H. E. U.

Number of Gallons.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
In answer to E. W., who asks the number of gallons in a well 6 feet diameter 20 feet deep. I offer the following solution: Square the diameter, 6, which gives 36 square feet. Multiply this by 20 feet, the depth of well. This will give 720 cubic feet. Multiply this by 7.48, the number of cubic inches in a cubic foot. This gives 5,384 cubic inches. Divide this by 231 cubic inches, the number of cubic inches in a gallon, and the answer will be 23.31 gallons in well.
J. A. G.

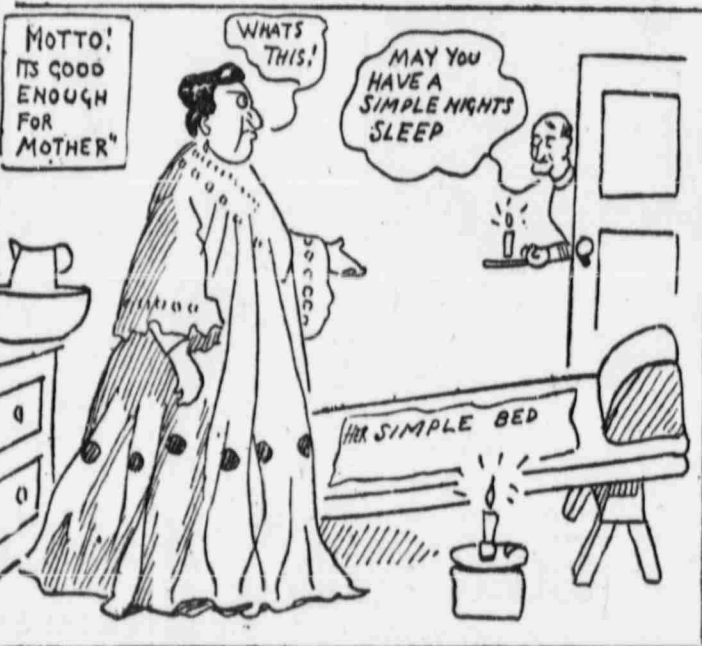
Yes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a person born in this country of foreign parentage an American, and can he become President of the United States if elected?
A. L.

It Is Pronounced Like "Sweet."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What is the correct pronunciation of "suite," (referring to a suite of rooms)?
E. S. W.

A Question Answered.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
G. T. Hackensack asks if a man who walks around a tree also walks around a squirrel which is on the tree and which keeps facing the man at every turn. I think the man does go around the squirrel. For instance, suppose a pond of water with a fish on one side of the pond (in the water), and a man with a net with one end of it snaked on the other side. The man starts and walks around (taking the other end of the net with him) the pond, and the fish swims around on the opposite side from the man, but in the same direction, keeping the pond between them. When the man gets all the way around he will have the fish in his net, which proves he has circled the fish, although the whole width of the pond was between them all the way around.
BROOKLYN.

The Simple Life.

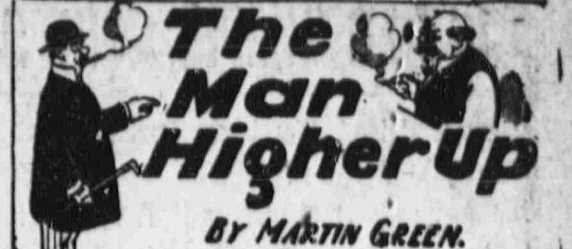
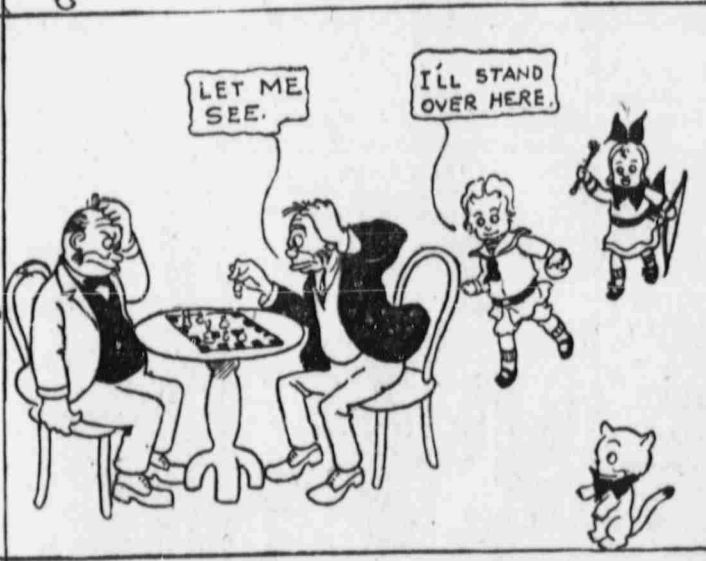
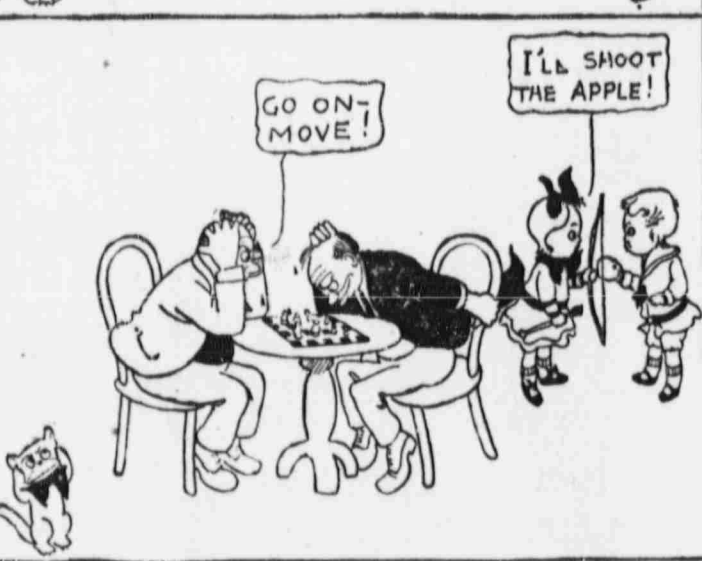
(By T. E. Powers.)



Try the Simple Cult on Your Mother-in-Law, and She'll Bother You No More.

MARY JANE Has a New Bow and Arrow.

She and Kickums Play William Tell, and the Two Dads Are Checkmated at Their Game of Chess.



What Happens to the Poker Player Who Relies on "Luck."

"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that a German Judge has decided in court that poker is not a game of chance."

"My observations," remarked The Man Higher Up, "have always led me to believe that they don't play poker in Germany. Did you ever see two Germans playing poker? Did you ever hear two apprentices in a barber shop drag out their mandolins and tackle the Miserere on a rainy afternoon."

"However, the chances are that 'Doc' Owen and other renowned travellers have been working on the German ships, and have succeeded in pushing an idea of the game into Germany. Evidently the Judge must know something about it, when he comes out and says that it is not a game of chance."

"Poker is not a game at all. It is a cross between a science and a profession. The man who plays poker simply to pass away the time finds that he is passing away his money likewise. If it wasn't for the poker-players who go in because they think that there is luck in the game the good players would have to draw cards against each other—a condition that would result in many of them going to work, or starving to death."

"I've seen men who knew nothing about the principles or laws of averages in poker sit down and draw full houses, and flushes, and straights, and fours like their hands were smeared with molasses and the cards were flies. But they never held the pace. The time always came when the game hit its level of skill against the chance of holding up an ace and ten of diamonds to make a straight flush, and the checks went to the side of the table that represented the skill."

"Poker looks to be an easy game to learn," ventured The Cigar Store Man.

"That's the reason why it keeps so many people broke," said The Man Higher Up.

Mrs. Nagg and Mr. —

By Roy L. McCardell.

"DON'T you feel the spirit of Christmas, Mr. Nagg. No, you are perfectly sober, you say? I suppose you think that's a joke! I suppose you think I am only some one to be twitted and made a show of."

"Instead of being merry and pleasant, instead of trying to make a few jolly remarks, like Mr. Smig does, you only try to find fault!"

"You are sorry you said you were sober? Oh, Mr. Nagg, do you forget that there is a young man in this house, only a boy. In fact, my little brother Willie?"

"What effect will such words have on him?"

"You are silent now! You never seem to take any interest in Brother Willie or in his career and yet he is so fond of you and so much interested in what you do."

"He is always trashing your clothes and will slip quietly into the room early in the morning, and you know he isn't strong since he has been playing football, and needs his morning rest. Yes, as I was saying, I shall find him coming into the room before you wake to brush your clothes."

"Yes, you say you have been missing changes! Please, Mr. Nagg, do not begin those unjust accusations again. You will be accusing me next and I have never taken a cent out of your pocket in my life except when somebody came to collect a bill or I needed some money and didn't want to wake you."

"Brother Willie is so eager to know what you are going to get him for Christmas. He told me to tell you not to worry or agitate yourself over picking him out a gift. He is so thoughtful he doesn't want to cause you any annoyance, so you can give him the money and he will buy it."

"He is so very anxious to give you some handsome gift but the poor boy has no money, he wants to surprise you. So if you will give me twenty dollars to give to him he will get you something nice."

"He spends all his spare time in the Five and Ten Cent Store wondering what simple gift would please you."

"The other day he started to bring home half a dozen things to show you, when they stopped him at the door and took them away from him and threw him out in a most brutal manner and threatened him with arrest, although he explained that he had only intended to run around to the house and show the things to you."

"I will have to make a handsome present to Mrs. Stryver, because she is going to hold some swell receptions this winter, and I know she will leave me off her list unless I come up with a costly piece of cut glass or something like that. She is nothing but a blackmailer, and I don't care who knows it, although I wouldn't have anyone hear me say it for the world, for it would be just like some of the hateful cats to run and tell her."

"I want all the money you can spare, Mr. Nagg, for I have to get a whole lot of people presents. I intend to get you something nice, too."

"You won't buy me something so I will get it myself. Now, don't go around putting your money in those Salvation Army Kettles like you did last year. Remember that Christmas begins at home, Mr. Nagg!"

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

Now Eat Snowballs!

Copyright, 1904, by the Planet Pub. Co.

This is the season in which the POOR can thrive. Snowballs are ripe!

They can ALL EAT SNOWBALLS!

It is better to EAT snowballs than cocktails. There are NO FEATHERS in snowballs.

Snowballs are light and flaky!

They will NOT INJURE the most delicate stomach.

They can be HAD for the MAKING!

Let us all REJOICE that the snowball season is here AGAIN.

As the poet says:

There is football

And baseball,

And the bawl of the street;

The highball

And low ball,

But the snowball's the treat!

The cool, refreshing snowball is NOT controlled by a TRUST.

We see that Dr. Woodbury is trying to CART away the supply.

WE warn him to STOP! We warn our "LITTLE" Mayor to MAKE HIM STOP!

IF HE does NOT STOP we will WAR him AGAIN!